An angrie arme againſt his miniſter.
Dut. Where then alas may I complaine my ſelfe?
Gaunt. To God, the Widowes Champion and defence.
Dutc. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*,
Thou goeſt to Couentrie, there to behold
Our Cooſin Herford and fell Mowbray fight.
O ſet my Husbands wrongs on Herfords Speare,
That it may enter Butcher Mowbrayes breaſt.
Or if misfortune miſſe the firſt carrier,
Be Mowbraies ſinnes ſo heauie in his boſome,
That they may breake his foming Courſers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Cooſin Herford.
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy ſometimes Brothers wife,
With her companion, griefe muſt end her life.
Gaunt. Siſter farewell, I muſt to Couentrie:
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me.
Dutch. Yet one word more; griefe boundeth where it fals
Not with the emptie hollowneſſe, but weight:
I take my leaue before I haue begunne,
For ſorrow ends not when it ſeemeth done:
Commend me to my Brother Edmund Yorke;
Loe this is all: nay yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly goe
I ſhall remember more: Bidd him; ah w
With all good ſpeed at Plaſhie viſite me.
Alacke and what ſhall good old Yorke there
But emptie Lodgings and vnfurniſht walles,
Vnpeopled Offices, vntrodden Stones;
And what heare there for welcome, but my gr
Therefore commend me, let him not come there
To ſeeke out ſorrow, that dwels euery where:
Deſolate, deſolate will I hence and die:
The laſt leaue of thee takes my weeping ey

Enter the Lord Marſhall and the Duke Aume
Mar. My Lord *Aumerle*, is Harry Herfor
Aumerle. Yea at all points, and longs to enter

Mar. The Duke of Nor
Staies but the ſummons of t
Aum. Why then the Cha
For nothing but his Maieſti

The trumpets ſound, and the K
they are ſet, enter the Duke
King. Marſhall, demaun
The cauſe of his arriuall hee
Aske him his name, and ord
To ſweare him in the iuſtice
Mar. In Gods name and
And why thou commeſt thi
Againſt what man thou con
Speake truely on thy Knigh
As ſo defend thee heauen an
Mow. My name is *Thom*
Who hither comeingaged
(Which God defend a Knig
Both to defend my loyaltie
To God, my King, and my
Againſt the Duke of Herfor
And by the grace of God, a
To prooue him in defendin
A Traytor to my God, my
And as I truly fight, defend

The Trumpets ſound,
appellant
King. Marſhall, aske yon
Both who he is, and why he
Thus plated in habiliments
And formerly, according to
Depoſe him in the iuſtice of
Mar. What is thy name,
Before King *Richard* in his
Againſt whom comeſt thou
Speake like a true Knight,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k